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1870





No. XCVIII.

FRENCH'S STANDARD DRAMA.

Edw. Andrew

DOUGLAS.

A Tragedy

IN FIVE ACTS.

BY REV. DR. HOME.

WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, CAST OF CHARACTERS, COSTUMES, RELATIVE POSITIONS, ETC.

NEW YORK:

SAMUEL FRENCH & SON,

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BY ^{John}

REV. DR. HOME.

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

BOWERY THEATRE.

Lord Randolph, Tilton,
Glenalvon, J. Wallack, Jr.
Old Norval, J. G. Gilbert.
Young Norval, Miss Susan Denning,
Officer, Mr. Goldson.
Servant, Collins,
Lady Randolph, Miss C. Wemyss.
Anna, Mrs. Yeoman.

DRURY-LANE

Mr. Jefferson.
Mr. Palmer.
—— —
Mr. Brereton.
—— —
Mr. Thompson
Miss Younge.
Mrs. Vincent.

RELATIVE POSITIONS

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; R. D. *Right Door* L. D. *Left Door*
S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Middle Door*;
F. *the Flat*; D F. *Door in Flat*.

GIFT

EST. OF J. H. CORNING

JUNE 20. 1940

REMARKS.

THE tragedy of Douglas, is one of the most chaste and beautiful plays, known to the English Stage, whether we look at the language, the poetry, or the plot, we find in all much to admire, and nothing to condemn—yet its author, the Rev. Dr. Home, was publicly tried by the Presbyterian Synod of the Kirk of Scotland, and sentenced to be suspended from the ministry of the gospel for the high crime and misdemeanor of having written a profane Stage Play. His stern accusers, like the Puritans of old, could find no mercy for so great an error, but it puzzled their wise brains to find a passage in the play to found their charge upon—was it immoral? quite the contrary! The moral was so sound and good that it courted investigation, and foiled even bigotry, showing the consequence of disobedience to parental authority in so strong a light, that a life of spotless purity, thereafter, could not avert the fatal effects of the indiscretion of a concealed marriage, and the high worth and courage of the offspring, not of crime, but of affection, render his undeserved fate the theme of a universal commiseration, while a feeling of hatred removes all pity from Lord Randolph for his agency in it, even with the excuse of jealousy, and the unabashed villainy of Glenalvon, who urged him on, from his own base ends, to murder the preserver of his life as the supposed destroyer of his honor. The characters of Lady Randolph and of Young Norval are almost faultless, the victims of circumstances, beyond their control—their only error, concealment

of their new-found relationship, and thus the mother and the son rush on their doom. But to return to the author and his unmerited persecution. Reader, on what do you think an assemblage of prelates, scholars, gentlemen, pronounced a sentence equal to excommunication, in the Church of Rome? They twisted and tortured the following sentence into a sneer against the clergy—

“———He was not to blame!

There is a destiny in this strange world,
Which oft decrees an *undeserved doom* :
Let schoolmen tell us why.”

These schoolmen may well be called upon to tell us, why they acted so base and cruel a part towards one of their own profession, possessing a heart overflowing with the milk of human kindness, one whom all that knew him, loved and revered both as a clergyman and a man. Christian Charity may well drop a tear upon the heartless act, but Providence is just, and Home's name and his *Play of Douglas* survive, while the names of his persecutors are already forgotten, or only named to be reviled, whenever Home's name and his *Play* are the theme of admiration.

F. C. W.

D O U G L A S . .

A C T I

The court of a castle surrounded with woods.

Enter LADY RANDOLPH.

Ye woods and wilds, whose melancholy gloom
Accords with my soul's sadness, and draws forth
The voice of sorrow from my bursting heart,
Farewell a while ; I will not leave you long ;
For in your shades I deem some spirit dwells,
Who from the chiding stream, or groaning oak,
Still hears, and answers to Matilda's moan.
O Douglas ! Douglas ! if departed ghosts
Are e'er permitted to review this world,
Within the circle of that wood thou art,
And with the passion of immortals hear'st
My lamentation : hear'st thy wretched wife
Weep for her husband slain, her infant lost.
My brother's timeless death I seem to mourn ;
Who perish'd with thee on this fatal day.
To thee I lift my voice ; to thee address
The plaint which mortal ear has never heard.
O disregard me not ; tho' I am call'd
Another's now, my heart is wholly thine.
Incapable of change, affection lies

Buried, my Douglas, in thy bloody grave.
 But Randolph comes, whom fate has made my Lord,
 To chide my arguish, and defraud the dead.

Enter LORD RANDOLPH.

Lord Rand. Again these weeds of woe! say, dost thou
 well

To feed a passion which consumes thy life?
 The living claim some duty; vainly thou
 Bestow'st thy cares upon the silent dead.

Lady Rand. Silent, alas! is he for whom I mourn:
 Childless, without memorial of his name,
 He only now in my remembrance lives.

"This fatal day stirs my time-settled sorrow,
 "Troubles afresh the fountain of my heart."

"*Lord Rand.* When was it pure of sadness! These
 "black weeds

"Express the wonted color of thy mind,
 "For ever dark and dismal. Seven long years
 "Are pass'd, since we were join'd by sacred ties:
 "Clouds all the while have hung upon thy brow,
 "Nor broke, nor parted by one gleam of joy."
 Time, that wears out the trace of deepest anguish,
 "As the sea smooths the prints made in the sand,"
 Has past o'er thee in vain.

"*Lady Rand.* If time to come
 "Should prove as ineffectual, yet, my Lord,
 "Thou canst not blame me. When our Scottish youth
 "Vy'd with each other for my luckless love,
 "Oft I besought them, I implor'd them all
 "Not to assail me with my father's aid,
 "Nor blend their better destiny with mine.
 "For melancholy had congeal'd my blood,
 "And froze affection in my chilly breast.
 "At last my Sire, rous'd with the base attempt
 "To force me from him, which thou rend'red'st vain,
 "To his own daughter bow'd his hoary head,
 "Besought me to commiserate his age,
 "And vow'd he should not, could not die in peace,
 "Unless he saw me wedded, and secur'd
 "From violence and outrage. Then, my Lord!

"In my extreme distress I call'd on thee,
 "Thee I bespake, profess'd my strong desire
 "To lead a single, solitary life,
 "And begg'd thy Nobleness not to demand
 "Her for a wife whose heart was dead to love.
 "How thou persisted'st after this, thou know'st.
 "And must confess that I am not unjust,
 "Nor more to thee than to myself injurious.

"*Lord Rand.* That I confess; yet ever must regret
 "The grief I cannot cure. Would thou wert not
 "Compos'd of grief and tenderness alone,
 "But hadst a spark of other passions in thee,
 "Pride, anger, vanity, the strong desire
 "Of admiration, dear to woman-kind;
 "These might contend with, and allay thy grief,
 "As meeting tides and currents smooth our firth.

"*Lady Rand.* To such a cause the human mind oft owes
 "Its transient calm, a calm I envy not."

Lord Rand. Sure thou art not the daughter of Sir Malcolm :

Strong was his rage, eternal his resentment :
 For when thy brother fell, he smil'd to hear
 That Douglas' son in the same field was slain.

"*Lady Rand.* Oh ! rake not up the ashes of my fathers.
 Implacable resentment was their crime,
 And grievous has the expiation been.
 Contending with the Douglas, gallant lives
 Of either house were lost; my ancestors
 Compell'd, at last, to leave their ancient seat
 On Tiviot's pleasant banks; and now, of them
 No heir is left. Had they not been so stern,
 I had not been the last of all my race.

Lord Rand. Thy grief wrests to its purposes my words
 I never ask'd of thee that ardent love,
 Which in the breasts of fancy's children burns.
 Decent affection, and complacent kindness
 Were all I wish'd for; but I wish'd in vain.
 Hence with the less regret my eyes behold
 The storm of war that gathers o'er this land :
 If I should perish by the Danish sword,
 Matilda would not shed one tear the more.

Lady Rand. Thou dost not think so : woful as I am,

I love thy merit, and esteem thy virtues.
But whither go'st thou now ?

Lord Rand. Straight to the camp,
Where every warrior on the tip-toe stands
Of expectation, and impatient asks
Each who arrives, if he is come to tell
The Danes are landed.

Lady Rand. O, may adverse winds,
Far from the coast of Scotland, drive their fleet !
And every soldier of both hosts return
In peace and safety to his pleasant home !

Lord Rand. Thou speak'st a woman's, hear a warrior's
wish :

Right from their native land, the stormy north,
May the wind blow, till every keel is fix'd
Immovable in Caledonia's strand !
Then shall our foes repent their bold invasion,
And roving armies shun the fatal shore.

" *Lady Rand.* War I detest : but war with foreign foes,
" Whose manners, language, and whose looks are strange,
" Is not so horrid, nor to me so hateful,
" As that with which our neighbors oft we wage.
" A river here, there an ideal line,
" By fancy drawn, divides the sister kingdoms.
" On each side dwells a people similar,
" As twins are to each other ; valiant both ;
" Both for their valor famous through the world.
" Yet will they not unite their kindred arms,
" And, if they must have war, wage distant war,
" But with each other fight in cruel conflict.
" Gallant in strife, and noble in their ire,
" The battle is their pastime. They go forth
" Gay in the morning, as to summer sport ;
" When ev'ning comes, the glory of the morn,
" The youthful warrior is a clod of clay.
" Thus fall the prime of either hapless land ;
" And such the fruit of Scotch and English wars.

" *Lord Rand.* I'll hear no more : this melody would
" make

" A soldier drop his sword, and doff his arms,
" Sit down and weep the conquests he has made ;
" Yea, (like a monk,) sing rest and peace in heaven

"To souls of warriors in their battles slain.
 Lady, farewell : I leave thee not alone ;
 Yonder comes one whose love makes duty light. [Exit

Enter ANNA.

Anna. Forgive the rashness of your Anna's love :
 Urg'd by affection, I have thus presum'd
 To interrupt your solitary thoughts ;
 And warn you of the hours that you neglect,
 And lose in sadness.

Lady Rand. So to lose my hours
 Is all the use I wish to make of time.

Anna. To blame thee, Lady, suits not with my star ;
 But sure I am, since death first prey'd on man,
 Never did sister thus a brother mourn.
 What had your sorrows been if you had lost,
 In early youth, the husband of your heart ?

Lady Rand. Oh !

Anna. Have I distress'd you with officious love,
 And ill-tim'd mention of your brother's fate ?
 Forgive me, Lady : humble tho' I am,
 The mind I bear partakes not of my fortune :
 So fervently I love you, that to dry
 These piteous tears, I'd throw my life away.

Lady Rand. What power directed thy unconscious
 tongue
 'To speak as thou hast done ? to name——

Anna. I know not :
 But since my words have made my mistress tretable,
 I will speak so no more ; but silent mix
 My tears with her's.

Lady Rand. No, thou shalt not be silent.
 I'll trust thy faithful love, and thou shalt be
 Henceforth th' instructed partner of my woes.
 But what avails it ? Can thy feeble pity
 Roll back the flood of never-ebbing time ?
 Compel the earth and ocean to give up
 Their dead alive ?

Anna. What means my noble mistress ?

Lady Rand. Didst thou not ask what had my sorrows
 been ?——

If I in early youth had lost a husband?——
 In the cold bosom of the earth is lodg'd,
 Mangled with wounds, the husband of my youth;
 And in some cavern of the ocean lies
 My child and his.——

Anna. O! Lady, most rever'd!
 The tale wrapt up in your amazing words
 Deign to unfold.

Lady Rand. Alas, an ancient feud,
 Hereditary evil, was the source
 Of my misfortunes. Ruling fate decreed,
 That my brave brother should in battle save
 The life of Douglas' son, our house's foe:
 The youthful warriors vow'd eternal friendship.
 To see the vaunted sister of his friend
 Impatient Douglas to Balarmo came,
 Under a borrow'd name.——My heart he gain'd;
 Nor did I long refuse the hand he begg'd:
 My brother's presence authoriz'd our marriage.
 Three weeks, three little weeks, with wings of down,
 Had o'er us flown, when my lov'd Lord was called
 To fight his father's battles; and with him,
 In spite of all my tears, did Malcolm go.
 Scarce were they gone, when my stern Sire was told
 That the false stranger was Lord Douglas' son.
 Frantic with rage, the Baron drew his sword,
 And question'd me. Alone, forsaken, faint,
 Kneeling beneath his sword, fault'ring I took
 An oath equivocal, that I ne'er would
 Wed one of Douglas' name. Sincerity,
 Thou first of virtues, let no mortal leave
 Thy onward path! altho' the earth should gap,
 And from the gulph of hell destruction cry
 To take dissimulation's winding way.

Anna. Alas! how few of woman's fearful kind
 Durst own a truth so hardy!

Lady Rand. The first truth
 Is easiest to avow. This moral learn,
 This precious moral—from my tragic tale——
 In a few days the dreadful tidings came
 That Douglas and my brother both were slain.
My lord! my life! my husband!——Mighty heaven!

What had I done to merit such affliction ?

Anna. My dearest Lady ! many a tale of tears
I've listen'd to ; but never did I hear
A tale so sad as this.

Lady Rand. In the first days
Of my distracting grief, I found myself——
As woman wish to be who love their lords.
But who durst tell my father ? The good priest
Who join'd our hands, my brother's ancient tutor,
With his lov'd Malcolm in the battle fell :
They too alone were privy to the marriage.
On silence and concealment I resolved,
Till time should make my father's fortune mine
That very night on which my son was born,
My nurse, the only confident I had,
Set out with him to reach her sister's house :
But nurse, nor infant, have I ever seen
Or heard of, Anna, since that fatal hour.
" My murder'd child !—had thy fond mother fear'd
" The loss of thee, she had loud fame defy'd,
" Despis'd her father's rage, her father's grief,
" And wander'd with thee thro' the scorning world."

Anna. Not seen nor heard of ! then perhaps he lives.

Lady Rand. No. It was dark December : wind and
rain

Had beat all night. Across the Carron lay
The destin'd road ; and in its swelling flood
My faithful servant perish'd with my child.
" O hapless son ! of a most hapless sire !——
" But they are both at rest ; and I alone
" Dwell in this world of woe, condemn'd to walk,
" Like a guilt-troubl'd ghost, my painful rounds :"
Nor has despiteful fate permitted me
The comfort of a solitary sorrow.
Tho' dead to love, I was compell'd to wed
Randolph, who snatch'd me from a villain's arms ;
And Randolph now possesses the domains
That by Sir Malcolm's death on me devolv'd ;
Domains, that should to Douglas' son have giv'n
A Baron's title, and a Baron's power.

' Such were my soothing thoughts, while I bewail'd
" The slaughter'd father of a son unborn.

"And when that son came, like a ray from heav'n,

"Which shines and disappears; alas! my child!

"How long did thy fond mother grasp the hope

"Of having thee, she knew not how, restor'd.

"Year after year hath worn her hope away;

"But left still undiminish'd her desire."

Anna. The hand, that spins th' uneven thread of life,

"May smooth the length that's yet to come of your's.

Lady Rand. "Not in this world: I have consider'd wel.

"Its various evils, and on whom they fall.

"Alas! how oft does goodness wound itself?

"And sweet affection prove the spring of woe."

O! had I died when my lov'd husband fell!

Had some good angel op'd to me the book

Of providence, and let me read my life,

My heart had broke when I beheld the sum

Of ills, which one by one I have endur'd.

Anna. That power, whose ministers good angels are,

Hath shut the book in mercy to mankind.

But we must leave this theme: Glenalvon comes.

I saw him bend on you his thoughtful eyes,

And hitherwards he slowly stalks his way.

Lady Rand. I will avoid him. An ungracious person

Is doubly irksome in an hour like this.

Anna. Why speaks my Lady thus of Randolph's heir?

Lady Rand. Because he's not the heir of Randolph's virtues.

Subtle and shrewd, he offers to mankind

An artificial image of himself:

And he with ease can vary to the taste

Of different men, its features. "Self-deny'd,

"And master of his appetites he seems:

"But his fierce nature, like a fox chain'd up,

"Watches to seize unseen the wish'd-for prey.

"Never were vice and virtue pois'd so ill,

"As in Glenalvon's unrelenting mind."

Yet is he brave and politic in war,

And stands aloft in these unruly times.

Why I describe him thus I'll tell hereafter:

Stay and detain him till I reach the castle.

| *Exit*

Anna. O happiness! where art thou to be found?

I see thou dwellest not with birth and beauty,

Tho' grac'd with grandeur, and in wealth array'd :
Nor dost thou, it would seem, with virtue dwell ;
Else had this gentle Lady miss'd thee not.

Enter GLENALVON.

Glen. What dost thou muse on, meditating maid ?
Like some entranc'd and visionary seer
On earth thou stand'st, thy thoughts ascend to heaven.

Anna. Wou'd that I were, e'en as thou say'st, a seer,
To have my doubts by heav'nly vision clear'd !

Glen. What dost thou doubt of ? what hast thou to do
With subjects intricate ? Thy youth, thy beauty,
Cannot be question'd : think of these good gifts,
And then thy contemplations will be pleasing.

Anna. Let women view yon monuments of woe,
Then boast of beauty : who so fair as she ?
But I must follow ; this revolving day
Awakes the memory of her ancient woes. [Exit

Glen. So !—Lady Randolph shuns me ! by and by
I'll woo her as the lion woos his brides.
The deed's a-doing now, that makes me lord
Of these rich valleys, and a chief of power.
The season is most apt ; my sounding steps
Will not be heard amidst the din of arms.
Randolph has liv'd too long ; his better fate
Had the ascendant once, and kept me down :
When I had seiz'd the dame, by chance he came,
Rescu'd, and had the Lady for his labor ;
I 'scap'd unknown : a slender consolation !
Heaven is my witness that I do not love
To sow in peril, and let others reap
The jocund harvest. Yet I am not safe :
By love, or something like it, stung, inflam'd,
Madly I blabb'd my passion to his wife,
And she has threaten'd to acquaint him of it.
The way of woman's will I do not know :
But well I know the Baron's wrath is deadly.
I will not live in fear ; " the man I dread
" Is as a Dane to me ; " he is the man
Who stands betwixt me and my chief desire.
No bar but he : she has no kinsman near ;

No brother in his sister's quarrel bold,
And for the righteous cause, a stranger's cause,
I know no chief that will defy Glenalvon.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

A Court, &c.

Stranger within. Oh mercy! mercy!

Enter servants, and a stranger, at one door, and LADY RANDOLPH and ANNA at another.

Lady Rand. What means this clamor? Stranger!
speak secure;

Hast thou been wrong'd? have these rude men presum'd
To vex the weary traveler on his way?

First Serv. By us no stranger ever suffer'd wrong:
This man with outcry wild has call'd us forth;
So sore afraid he cannot speak his fears.

Enter LORD RANDOLPH and NORVAL, with their swords drawn and bloody.

Lady Rand. Not vain the stranger's fears! how fares
my Lord?

Lord Rand. That it fares well, thanks to this gallant
youth,

Whose valor sav'd me from a wretched death!
As down the winding dale I walk'd alone,
At the cross way four armed men attack'd me:
Rovers, I judge, from the licentious camp,
Who would have quickly laid Lord Randolph low,
Had not this brave and generous stranger come,
Like my good angel, in the hour of fate,

And, mocking danger, made my foes his own.
 They turn'd upon him: but his active arm
 Struck to the ground, from whence they rose no more,
 The fiercest two; the others fled amain,
 And left him master of the bloody field.
 Speak, Lady Randolph: upon Beauty's tongue
 Dwell accents pleasing to the brave and bold.
 Speak, noble Dame, and thank him for thy Lord.

Lady Rand. My Lord, I cannot speak what now I feel.
 My heart o'erflows with gratitude to heav'n,
 And to this noble youth, who, all unknown
 To you and yours, deliberated not,
 Nor paus'd at peril, but, humanely brave,
 Fought on your side, against such fearful odds.
 Have you yet learn'd of him, whom we should thank?
 Whom call the savior of Lord Randolph's life?

Lord Rand. I ask'd that question, and he answer'd not:
 But I must know who my deliverer is. [*To the stranger.*]

Norv. A low-born man, of parentage obscure,
 Who nought can boast but his desire to be
 A soldier, and to gain a name in arms.

Lord Rand. Whoe'er thou art, thy spirit is ennobled
 By the great King of kings! thou art ordain'd
 And stamp'd a hero by the sovereign hand
 Of Nature! blush not, flower of modesty
 As well as valor, to declare thy birth.

Norv. My name is Norval: on the Grampian hills
 My father feeds his flocks; a frugal swain,
 Whose constant cares were to increase his store,
 And keep his only son, myself, at home.
 For I had heard of battles, and I long'd
 To follow to the field some warlike Lord:
 And heaven soon granted what my Sire deny'd.
 This moon which rose last night, round as my shield
 Had not yet fill'd her horns, when, by her light,
 A band of fierce Barbarians, from the hills,
 Rush'd like a torrent down upon the vale,
 Sweeping our flocks and herds. The shepherds fled
 For safety and for succor. I alone,
 With bended bow, and quiver full of arrows,
 Hover'd about the enemy, and mark'd
 The road he took, then hasted to my friends;

Whom, with a troop of fifty chosen men,
 I met advancing. The pursuit I led,
 Till we o'ertook the spoil encumber'd foe.
 We fought and conquer'd. Ere a sword was drawn
 An arrow from my bow had pierc'd their chief,
 Who wore that day the arms which now I wear.
 Returning home in triumph, I disdain'd
 The shepherd's slothful life : and having heard
 That our good King had summon'd his bold Peers
 To lead their warriors to the Carron side,
 I left my father's house, and took with me
 A chosen servant to conduct my steps ;
 Yon trembling coward, who forsook his master.
 Journeying with this intent, I past these towers,
 And, heaven-directed, came this day to do
 The happy deed that gilds my humble name.

Lord Rand. He is as wise as brave. Was ever tale
 With such a gallant modesty rehears'd ?
 My brave deliverer ! thou shalt enter now
 A nobler list, and in a monarch's fight
 Contend with princes for the prize of fame.
 I will present thee to our Scottish King,
 Whose valiant spirit ever valor lov'd.
 Ha ! my Matilda ! wherefore starts that tear ?

Lady Rand. I cannot say : for various affections,
 And strangely mingled, in my bosom swell ;
 Yet each of them may well command a tear.
 I joy that thou art safe, and I admire
 Him and his fortunes who hath wrought thy safety :
 Yea, as my mind predicts, with thine his own.
 Obscure and friendless, he the army fought,
 Bent upon peril, in the range of death
 Resolv'd to hunt for fame, and with his sword
 To gain distinction which his birth deni'd.
 In this attempt unknown he might have perish'd,
 And gain'd, with all his valor, but oblivion.
 Now grac'd by thee, his virtue serves no more
 Beneath despair. The soldier now of hope
 He stands conspicuous ; fame and great renown
 Are brought within the compass of his sword.
 On this my mind reflected, whilst you spoke,
 And bless'd the wonder working hand of heaven.

Lord Rand. Pious and grateful ever are thy thoughts!
My deeds shall follow where thou point'st the way.
Next to myself, and equal to Glenalvon,
In honor and command shall Norval be.

Norv. I know not how to thank you. Rude I am
In speech and manners: never till this hour
Stood I in such a presence: yet, my Lord,
There's something in my breast which makes me bold
To say, that Norval ne'er will shame thy favor.

Lady Rand. I will be sworn thou wilt not. Thou shalt be
My knight; and ever, as thou didst to-day,
With happy valor guard the life of Randolph.

Lord Rand. Well hast thou spoke. Let me forbid
reply. [To NORVAL.

We are thy debtors still; thy high desert
O'ertops our gratitude. I must proceed,
As was at first intended, to the camp.
Some of my train, I see, are speeding hither,
Impatient, doubtless, of their Lord's delay.
Go with me, Norval, and thine eyes shall see
The chosen warriors of thy native land,
Who languish for the fight, and beat the air
With brandish'd swords.

Norv. Let us begone, my Lord.

Lord Rand. [To *Lady Rand.*] About the time that the
declining sun
Shall his broad orbit o'er yon hills suspend,
Expect us to return. This night once more
Within these walls I rest; my tent I pitch
To-morrow in the field. Prepare the feast.
Free is his heart who for his country fights
He in the eve of battle may resign
Himself to social pleasure; sweetest then,
When danger to a soldier's soul endears
The human joy that never may return.

[*Exeunt* LORD RANDOLPH and NORVAL.

Lady Rand. His parting words have struck a fatal
truth.

O Douglas! Douglas! tender was the time
When we two parted, ne'er to meet again!
How many years of anguish and despair
Has heav'n annex'd to those swift-passing hours

Of love and fondness ! “ Then my bosom’s flame
 “ Oft, as blown back by the rude breath of fear,
 “ Return’d, and with redoubled ardor blaz’d.”

Anna. May gracious heav’n pour the sweet balm of
 peace

Into the wounds that fester in your breast !
 For earthly consolation cannot cure them.

Lady Rand. One only cure can heaven itself bestow ;
 A grave—that bed in which the weary rest.
 Wretch that I am ! Alas ! why am I so ?
 At every happy parent I repine !
 How blest the mother of young gallant Norval !
 She for a living husband bore her pains,
 And heard him bless her when a man was born .
 She nurs’d her smiling infant on her breast ;
 Tended the child, and rear’d the pleasing boy :
 She, with affection’s triumph, saw the youth
 In grace and comeliness surpass his peers :
 Whilst I to a dead husband bore a son,
 And to the roaring waters gave my child.

Anna. Alas ! alas ! why will you thus resume
 Your grief afresh ? I thought that gallant youth
 Would for a while have won you from your woe.
 On him intent you gazed, with a look
 Much more delighted, than your pensive eye
 Has deign’d on other objects to bestow.

Lady Rand. Delighted, say’st thou ? Oh ! even there
 mine eye

Found fuel for my life-consuming sorrow.
 I thought, that, had the son of Douglas liv’d,
 He might have been like this young gallant stranger,
 And pair’d with him in features and in shape ;
 In all endowments, as in years, I deem,
 My boy with blooming Norval might have number’d.
 Whilst thus I mus’d, a spark from fancy fell
 On my sad heart, and kindled up a fondness
 For this young stranger, wand’ring from his home,
 And like an orphan cast upon my care.
 I will protect thee (said I to myself)
 With all my power, and grace with all my favor.

Anna. Sure heav’n will bless so generous a resolve.
 You must, my noble Dame, exert your power :

You must awake : devices will be fram'd,
And arrows pointed at the breast of Norval.

Lady Rand. Glenalvon's false and crafty head will work
Against a rival in his kinsman's love,
If I deter him not : I only can.

Bold as he is, Glenalvon will beware
How he pulls down the fabric that I raise.
I'll be the artist of young Norval's fortune.

" 'Tis pleasing to admire ! most apt was I

" To this affection in my better days ;

" Tho' now I seem to you shrunk up, retir'd

" Within the narrow compass of my woe.

" Have you not sometimes seen an early flower

" Open its bud, and spread its siiken leaves,

" To catch sweet airs, and odors to bestow ;

" Then, by the keen blast nipt, pull in its leaves,

" And, tho' still living, die to scent and beauty !

" Emblem of me : affliction, like a storm,

" Hath kill'd the forward blossom of my heart."

Enter GLENALVON.

Glen. Where is my dearest kinsman, noble Randolph ?

Lady Rand. Have you not heard, Glenalvon, of the
base——

Glen. I have : and that the villains may not 'scape,
With a strong band I have begirt the wood.

If they lurk there, alive they shall be taken,

And torture force from them th' important secret,

Whether some foe of Randolph hir'd their swords,

Or if——

Lady Rand. That care becomes a kinsman's love.

I have a counsel for Glenalvon's ear. [*Exit ANNA.*

Glen. To him your counse's always are commands.

Lady Rand. I have not found so : thou art known to me.

Glen. Known !

Lady Rand. And most certain is my cause of knowledge.

Glen. What do you know ? By heav'n

You much amaze me. No created being,

Yourself except, durst thus accost Glenalvon.

Lady Rand. Is guilt so bold ! and dost thou make a
merit

Of thy pretended meekness ! This to me,
 Who, with a gentleness which duty blames,
 Have hitherto conceal'd what, if divulg'd,
 Would make thee nothing ; or, what's worse than that
 An outcast beggar, and unpity'd too !
 For mortals shudder at a crime like thine.

Glen. Thy virtue awes me. First of womankind !
 Permit me yet to say, that the fond man,
 Whom love transports beyond strict virtue's bounds,
 If he is brought by love to misery,
 In fortune ruin'd, as in mind forlorn,
 Unpity'd cannot be. Pity's the alms
 Which on such beggars freely is bestow'd :
 For mortals know that love is still their lord,
 And o'er their vain resolves advances still :
 As fire, when kindled by our shepherds, moves
 Thro' the dry heath against the fanning wind.

Lady Rand. Reserve these accents for some other ear
 To love's apology I listen not.
 Mark thou my words ; for it is meet thou should'st.
 His brave deliverer Randolph here retains.
 Perhaps his presence may not please thee well :
 But, at thy peril, practise ought against him :
 Let not thy jealousy attempt to shake
 And loosen the good root he has in Randolph ;
 Whose favorites, I know, thou hast supplanted.
 Thou look'st at me as if thou fain would'st pry
 Into my heart. 'Tis open as my speech.
 I give this early caution, and put on
 The curb, before thy temper breaks away.
 The friendless stranger my protection claims :
 His friend I am, and be not thou his foe. [Exit.

Glen. Child that I was, to start at my own shadow,
 And be the shallow fool of coward conscience !
 I am not what I have been ; what I should be.
 The darts of destiny have almost pierc'd
 My marble heart. Had I one grain of faith
 In holy legends, and religious tales,
 I should conclude there was an arm above,
 That fought against me, and malignant turn'd,
 To catch myself, the subtle snare I set.
 Why rape and murder are not simple means !

Th' imperfect rape to Randolph gave a spouse ;
 And the intended murder introduc'd
 A favorite to hide the sun from me ;
 And, worst of all, a rival. Burning hell !
 This were thy centre, if I thought she lov'd him !
 'Tis certain she contemns me ; nay, commands me,
 And waves the flag of her displeasure o'er me,
 In his behalf. And shall I thus be brav'd ?
 Curb'd, as she calls it, by dame chastity ?
 Infernal fiends, if any fiends there are
 More fierce than hate, ambition, and revenge,
 Rise up and fill thy bosom with your fires,
 " And policy remorseless ! Chance may spoil
 " A single aim ; but perseverance must
 " Prosper at last. For chance and fate are words
 " Persistent wisdom is the fate of man."
 Darkly a project peers upon my mind,
 Like the red moon when rising in the east
 Cross'd and divided by strange color'd clouds.
 I'll seek the slave who came with Norval hither,
 And for his cowardice was spurned from him.
 I've known a follower's rankled bosom breed
 Venom most fatal to his heedless Lord.

Exit.

END OF ACT II.

 ACT III.
*A Court, &c., as before.**Enter ANNA.*

Anna. Thy vassals, Grief ! great Nature's order break,
 And change the noon-tide to the midnight hour.
 Whilst Lady Randolph sleeps, I will walk forth,
 And taste the air that breathes on yonder bank.

Sweet may her slumbers be! Ye ministers
Of gracious heaven who love the human race,
Angels and seraphs who delight in goodness!
Forsake your skies, and to her couch descend!
There from her fancy chase those dismal forms
That haunt her waking; her sad spirit charm
With images celestial, such as please
The bless'd above upon their golden beds.

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. One of the vile assassins is secur'd.
We found the villain lurking in the wood:
With dreadful imprecations he denies
All knowledge of the crime. But this is not
His first essay: these jewels were conceal'd
In the most secret places of his garment;
Belike the spoils of some that he has murder'd.

Anna. Let me look on them. Ha! here is a heart,
The chosen crest of Douglas' valiant name!
These are no vulgar jewels. Guard the wretch.

[Exit ANNA.]

Enter SERVANTS with the PRISONER.

Pris. I know no more than does the child unborn
Of what you charge me with.

First Serv. You say so, sir!
But torture soon shall make you speak the truth.
Behold the Lady of Lord Randolph comes:
Prepare yourself to meet her just revenge.

Enter LADY RANDOLPH and ANNA.

Anna. Summon your utmost fortitude, before
You speak with him. Your dignity, your fame,
Are now at stake. Think of the fatal secret,
Which in a moment from your lips may fly.

Lady Rand. Thou shalt behold me, with a desperate
heart,
Hear how my infant perish'd. See, he kneels.
[The prisoner kneels.]

Pris. Heav'n bless that countenance, so sweet and mild !
 A judge like thee makes innocence more bold.
 O save me, Lady, from these cruel men
 Who have attack'd and seiz'd me ; who accuse
 Me of intended murder. As I hope
 For mercy at the judgment-seat of heav'n,
 The tender lamb, that never nipt the grass,
 Is not more innocent than I of murder.

Lady Rand. Of this man's guilt what proof can ye produce ?

First Serv. We found him lurking in the hollow Glynn.
 When view'd and call'd upon, amaz'd, he fled.
 We overtook him, and inquir'd from whence
 And what he was : he said, he came from far,
 And was upon his journey to the camp.
 Not satisfy'd with this, we search'd his clothes,
 And found these jewels, whose rich value plead
 Most powerfully against him. Hard he seems,
 And old in villainy. Permit us try
 His stubbornness against the torture's force.

Pris. O gentle Lady ! by your Lord's dear life !
 Which these weak hands, I swear, did ne'er assail ;
 And by your children's welfare, spare my age !
 Let not the iron tear my ancient joints,
 And my grey hairs bring to the grave with pain.

Lady Rand. Account for these : thine own they cannot be :

For these, I say : be stedfast to the truth ;
 Detected falsehood is most certain death.

[ANNA removes the SERVANTS, and returns.

Pris. Alas ! I'm sore beset ! let never man,
 For sake of lucre, sin against his soul !
 Eternal justice is in this most just !
 I, guiltless now, must former guilt reveal.

Lady Rand. O ! Anna, hear !—once more, I charge thee speak

The truth direct : for these to me foretel
 And certify a part of thy narration ;
 With which if the remainder tallies not,
 An instant and a dreadful death abides thee.

Pris. Then, thus abjur'd, I'll speak to thee as just
 As if you were the minister of heaven,

Sent down to search the secret sins of men.
 Some eighteen years ago, I rented land
 Of brave Sir Malcolm, then Balarmo's Lord;
 But falling to decay, his servants seiz'd
 All that I had, and then turn'd me and mine,
 (Four helpless infants, and their weeping mother)
 Out to the mercy of the winter winds.
 A little hovel by the river's side
 Receiv'd us: there hard labor, and the skill
 In fishing, which was formerly my sport,
 Supported life. Whilst thus we poorly liv'd,
 One stormy night, as I remember well,
 The wind and rain beat hard upon our roof:
 Red came the river down, and loud and oft
 The angry spirit of the water shriek'd.
 At the dead hour of night was heard the cry
 Of one in jeopardy. I rose, and ran
 To where the circling eddy of a pool,
 Beneath the ford, us'd oft to bring within
 My reach whatever floating thing the stream
 Had caught. The voice was ceas'd; the person lost
 But looking sad and earnest on the waters,
 By the moon's light I saw, whirl'd round and round,
 A basket: soon I drew it to the bank,
 And nestled curious there an infant lay.

Lady Rand. Was he alive?

Pris. He was.

Lady Rand. Inhuman that thou art!
 How could'st thou kill what waves and tempests spar'd?

Pris. I am not so inhuman.

Lady Rand. Didst thou not?

Anna. My noble mistress, you are mov'd too much:
 This man has not the aspect of stern murder:
 Let him go on, and you, I hope, will hear
 Good tidings of your kinsman's long lost child.

Pris. The needy man, who has known better days,
 One whom distress has spited at the world,
 Is he whom tempting fiends would pitch upon
 To do such deeds, as make the prosperous men
 Lift up their hands and wonder who could do them.
 And such a man was I; a man declin'd,
 Who saw no end of black adversity:

Yet, for the wealth of kingdoms, I would not
Have touch'd that infant with a hand of harm.

Lady Rand. Ha! dost thou say so? Then perhaps he
lives!

Pris. Not many days ago he was alive.

Lady Rand. O! heav'nly Pow'r! Did he then die so
lately?

Pris. I did not say he died; I hope he lives.
Not many days ago these eyes beheld
Him, flourishing in youth, and health, and beauty.

Lady Rand. Where is he now?

Pris. Alas! I know not where.

Lady Rand. Oh! fate, I fear thee still. Thou riddler
speak

Direct and clear; else I will searthy thy soul.

"*Anna.* Permit me, ever-honor'd! Keen impatience,
"Tho' hard to be restrain'd defeats itself.—"

Lady Rand. Pursue thy story with a faithful tongue,
To the last hour that thou didst keep the child.

Pris. Fear not my faith, tho' I must speak my shame
Within the cradle, where the infant lay,
Was stow'd a mighty store of gold and jewels:
Tempted by which, we did resolve to hide,
From all the world, this wonderful event,
And like a peasant breed the noble child.
That none might mark the change of our estate,
We left the country, travel'd to the North,
Bought flocks and herds, and gradually brought forth
Our secret wealth. But God's all-seeing eye
Beheld our avarice, and smote us sore.
For, one by one, all our own children dy'd,
And he, the Stranger, sole remain'd the heir
Of what, indeed, was his. Fain, then, would I
Who with a father's fondness lov'd the boy,
Have trusted him, now in the dawn of youth,
With his own secret: but my anxious wife,
Foreboding evil, never would consent.
Meanwhile the stripling grew in years and beauty;
And, as we oft observ'd, he bore himself
Not as the offspring of our cottage blood;
For nature will break out: mild with the mild,
But with the forward he was fierce as fire,

And night and day he talk'd of war and arms.
 I set myself against his warlike bent ;
 But all in vain : for when a desperate band
 Of robbers from the savage mountains came——

Lady Rand. Eternal Providence ! What is thy name ?

Pris. My name is Norval ; and my name he bears.

Lady Rand. 'Tis he ! 'tis he himself ! It is my son !
 O ! sovereign mercy ! 'Twas my child I saw !
 No wonder, Anna, that my bosom burn'd.

Anna. Just are your transports : " ne'er was woman's
 " heart

" Prov'd with such fierce extremes. High fated Game !"
 But yet remember that you are beheld
 By servile eyes ; your gestures may be seen
 Impassion'd strange ; perhaps your words o'erheard.

Lady Rand. Well dost thou counsel, Anna : heav'n be-
 stow

On me that wisdom which my state requires !

" *Anna.* The moments of deliberation pass,

" And soon you must resolve. This useful man

" Must be dismiss'd in safety, ere my Lord

" Shall with his brave deliverer return."

Pris. If I, amidst astonishment and fear,
 Have of your words and gestures rightly judg'd,
 Thou art the daughter of my ancient master ;
 The child I rescu'd from the flood is thine.

Lady Rand. With thee dissimulation now were vain.
 I am indeed the daughter of Sir Malcolm ;
 The child thou rescu'dst from the flood is mine.

Pris. Blest be the hour that made me a poor man !
 My poverty hath sav'd my master's house !

Lady Rand. Thy words surprise me : sure thou dost
 not feign :

The tear stands in thine eye : such love from thee
 Sir Malcolm's house deserv'd not ; if aright
 Thou told'st the story of thine own distress.

Pris. Sir Malcolm of our Barons was the flower ;
 The fastest friend, the best, the kindest master :
 But, ah ! he knew not of my sad estate.
 After that battle, where his gallant son,
 Your own brave brother, fell, the good old Lord
 Grew desperate and reckless of the world ;

And never as he erst was wont, went forth
 To overlook the conduct of his servants.
 By them I was thrust out, and them I blame :
 May heav'n so judge me, as I judg'd my master !
 And God so love me as I love his race !

Lady Rand. His race shall yet reward thee. On thy
 faith

Depends the fate of thy lov'd master's house.
 Rememb'rest thou a little lonely hut,
 That like a holy hermitage appears
 Among the cliffs of Carron ?

Pris. I remember.

The cottage of the cliffs.

Lady Rand. 'Tis that I mean :

There dwells a man, of venerable age,
 Who in my father's service spent his youth :
 Tell him I sent thee, and with him remain,
 Till I shall call upon thee to declare,
 Before the King and Nobles, what thou now
 To me hath told. No more but this, and thou
 Shalt live in honor all thy future days :
 Thy son so long shall call thee father still,
 And all the land shall bless the man who sav'd
 The son of Douglas, and Sir Malcolm's heir.
 Remember well my words : if thou should'st meet
 Him whom thou call'st thy son, still call him so ;
 And mention nothing of his nobler father.

Pris. Fear not that I shall mar so fair an harvest,
 By putting in my sickle ere 'tis ripe.
 Why did I leave my home, and ancient dame ?
 To find the youth to tell him all I knew,
 And make him wear these jewels in his arms ;
 Which might, I thought, be challeng'd, and so bring
 To light the secret of his noble birth.

[*LADY RANDOLPH goes towards the SERVANTS.*]

Lady Rand. This man is not th' assassin you suspected
 Tho chance combin'd some likelihoods against him.
 He is the faithful bearer of the jewels
 To their right owner, whom in haste he seeks.
 'Tis meet that you should put him on his way,
 Since your mistaken zeal hath dragg'd him hither.

[*Exeunt STRANGER and SERVANTS*]

My faithful Anna, dost thou share my joy ?
 I know thou dost. Unparallel'd event !
 Reaching from heav'n to earth, Jehovah's arm
 Snatch'd from the waves, and brings to me my son !
 Judge of the widow and the orphan's father !
 Accept a widow's and a mother's thanks
 For such a gift ! What does my Anna think
 Of the young eaglet of a valiant nest ?
 How soon he gaz'd on bright and burning arms,
 Spurn'd the low dunghill where his fate had thrown him,
 And tower'd up to the region of his sire !

Anna. How fondly did your eyes devour the boy !
 Mysterious nature, with the unseen cord
 Of powerful instinct, drew you to your own.

Lady Rand. The ready story of his birth believ'd
 Suppress'd my fancy quite ; nor did he owe
 To any likeness my so sudden favor :
 But now I long to see his face again,
 Examine every feature, and find out
 The lineaments of Douglas, or my own.
 But most of all I long to let him know
 Who his true parents are, to clasp his neck,
 And tell him all the story of his father.

Anna. With wary caution you must bear yourself
 In public, lest your tenderness break forth,
 And in observers stir conjectures strange.
 " For if a cherub in the shape of woman
 Should walk this world, yet defamation would,
 " Like a vile cur, bark at the angel's train——"
 To-day the Baron started at your tears.

Lady Rand. He did so, Anna ! well thy mistress knows.
 If the least circumstance, mote of offence,
 Should touch the Baron's eye, his sight would be
 With jealousy disorder'd. But the more
 It does behove me instant to declare
 The birth of Douglas, and assert his rights.
 This night I propose with my son to meet,
 Reveal the secret, and consult with him :
 For wise is he, or my fond judgment errs.
 As he does now, so look'd his noble father,
 Array'd in nature's ease : his mein, his speech,
 Were sweetly simple, and full oft deceiv'd

Those trivial mortals who seem always wise.
 But, when the matter match'd his mighty mind,
 Up rose the Hero: on his piercing eye
 Sat observation: on each glance of thought
 Decision follow'd, as the thunder-bolt
 Pursues the flash.

Anna. That demon haunts you still:
 Behold Glenalvon.

Lady Rand. Now I shun him not.
 This day I brav'd him in behalf of Norval:
 Perhaps too far: at least my nicer fears
 For Douglas thus interpret.

Enter GLENALVON.

Glen. Noble Dame!
 The hov'ring Dane at last his men hath landed:
 No band of pirates; but a mighty host,
 That come to settle where their valor conquers,
 To win a country, or to lose themselves.

Lady Rand. But whence comes this intelligence, Glenalvon?

Glen. A nimble courier sent from yonder camp,
 To hasten up the chieftains of the North,
 Inform'd me, as he past, that the fierce Dane
 Had on the eastern coast of Lothian landed,
 "Near to that place where the sea-rock immense,
 "Amazing Base, looks o'er a fertile land.

"*Lady Rand.* Then must this western army march to
 join

"The warlike troops that guard Edina's tow'rs.

"*Glen.* Beyond all question. If impairing time
 "Has not effac'd the image of a place
 "Once perfect in my breast, there is a wild
 "Which lies to westward of that mighty rock,
 "And seems by nature formed for the camp,
 "Of water-wafted armies, whose chief strength
 "Lies in firm foot, unflank'd with warlike horse:
 "If martial skill directs the Danish lords,
 "There inaccessible their army lies
 "To our swift-scow'ring horse, the bloody field
 "Must man to man, and foot to foot, be fought."

Lady Rand. How many mothers shall bewail their sons!
 How many widows weep their husbands slain!
 Ye dames of Denmark! ev'n for you I feel,
 Who sadly sitting on the sea-beat shore,
 Long look for lords that never shall return.

Glen. Oft has th' unconquer'd Caledonian sword
 Widow'd the North. The children of the slain
 Come, as I hope, to meet their father's fate.
 The monster war, with her infernal brood,
 Loud yelling fury, and life-ending pain,
 Are objects suited to Glenalvon's soul.
 Scorn is more grievous than the pains of death:
 Reproach more piercing than the pointed sword.

Lady Rand. I scorn thee not, but when I ought to scorn;
 Nor e'er reproach, but when insulted virtue
 Against audacious vice asserts herself.
 I own thy worth, Glenalvon; none more apt
 Than I to praise thine eminence in arms,
 And be the echo of thy martial fame.
 No longer vainly feed a guilty passion:
 Go and pursue a lawful mistress, Glory.
 Upon the Danish chiefs redeem thy fault,
 And let thy valor be the shield of Randolph.

Glen. One instant stay, and hear an alter'd man.
 When beauty pleads for virtue, vice abash'd
 Flies its own colors, and goes o'er to virtue.
 I am your convert; time will shew how truly:
 Yet one immediate proof I mean to give.
 That youth, for whom your ardent zeal to-day
 Somewhat too haughtily defy'd your slave,
 Amidst the shock of armies I'll defend,
 And turn death from him with a guardian arm.
 "Sedate by use, my bosom maddens not
 "At the tumultuous uproar of the field."

Lady Rand. Act thus, Glenalvon, and I am thy friend
 But that's thy least reward. Believe me, Sir,
 The truly generous is the truly wise;
 And he who loves not others, lives unblest.

[*Exit LADY RANDOLPH and ANNA.*]

Glen. Amen! and virtue is its own reward!——
 I think that I have hit the very tone
 In which she loves to speak. Honey'd assent,

How pleasant art thou to the taste of man
 And woman also ! flattery direct
 Rarely disgusts. They little know mankind
 Who doubt its operation : 'tis my key,
 And opes the wicket of the human heart.
 How far I have succeeded now I know not,
 Yet I incline to think her stormy virtue
 Is lull'd awhile : 'tis her alone I fear :
 Whilst she and Randolph live, and live in faith
 And amity, uncertain is my tenure.
 " Fate o'er my head suspends disgrace and death
 " By that weak hair, a peevish female's will.
 " I am not idle : but the ebbs and flows
 " Of fortune's tide cannot be calculated."
 That slave of Norval's I have found most apt :
 I shew'd him gold, and he has pawn'd his soul
 To say and swear whatever I suggest.
 Norval, I'm told, has that alluring look,
 'Twixt man and woman, which I have observ'd
 To charm the nicer and fantastic dames,
 Who are, like Lady Randolph, full of virtue.
 In raising Randolph's jealousy I may
 But point him to the truth. He seldom errs
 Who thinks the worst he can of womankind. [Exit

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

Flourish of Trumpets.

Enter LORD RANDOLPH.

Lord Rand. Summon an hundred horse, by break of
 day,
 To wait our pleasure at the castle-gate.

Enter LADY RANDOLPH.

Lady Rand. Alas! my Lord! I've heard unwelcome news;

The Danes are landed.

Lord Rand. Ay, no inroad this
Of the Northumbrian bent to take a spoil:
No sportive war, no tournament essay,
Of some young knight resolv'd to break a spear,
And stain with hostile blood his maiden arms.
The Danes are landed: we must beat them back,
Or live the slaves of Denmark.

Lady Rand. Dreadful times!

Lord Rand. The fenceless villages are all forsaken;
The trembling mothers and their children lodg'd
In wall-girt towers and castles; whilst the men
Retire indignant. Yet, like broken waves,
They but retire more awful to return.

Lady Rand. Immense, as fame reports, the Danish host——

Lord Rand. Were it as numerous as loud fame reports,
An army knit like ours would pierce it thro':
Brothers, that shrink not from each other's side,
And fond companions, fill our warlike files:
For his dear offspring, and the wife he loves,
The husband, and the fearless father arm.
In vulgar breasts heroic ardor burns,
And the poor peasant mates his daring lord.

Lady Rand. Men's minds are temper'd, like their swords
for war;

"Lovers of danger, on destruction's brink:

"They joy to rear erect their daring forms.

"Hence, early grave; hence, the lone widow's life:

"And the sad mother's grief-embitter'd age."

Where is our gallant guest?

Lord Rand. Down in the vale

I left him, managing a fiery steed,

Whose stubbornness had foil'd the strength and skill

Of every rider. But behold he comes,

In earnest conversation with Glenalvon.

Enter NORVAL and GLENALVON.

Glenalvon with the lark arise; go forth.
And lead my troops that lie in yonder vale:
Private I travel to the royal camp:
Norval, thou goest with me. But say, young man!
Where didst thou learn so to discourse of war,
And in such terms as I o'erheard to-day?
War is no village science, nor its phrase
A language taught amongst the shepherd swains.
Norv. Small is the skill my Lord delights to praise
In him he favors.—Hear from whence it came.
Beneath a mountain's brow, the most remote
And inaccessible, by shepherds trod,
In a deep cave, dug by no mortal hand,
A hermit liv'd; a melancholy man,
Who was the wonder of our wand'ring swains.
Austere and lonely, cruel to himself,
Did they report him; the cold earth his bed,
Water his drink, his food the shepherds' alms.
I went to see him, and my heart was touch'd
With rev'rence and with pity. Mild he spake,
And, ent'ring on discourse, such stories told
As made me oft revisit his sad cell.
For he had been a soldier in his youth;
And fought in famous battles, when the Peers
Of Europe, by the bold Godfredo led,
Against th' usurping Infidel display'd
The blessed Cross, and won the Holy Land.
Pleas'd with my admiration, and the fire
His speech struck from me, the old man would shake
His years away, and act his young encounters:
Then, having shew'd his wounds, he'd sit him down
And all the live-long day discourse of war.
To help my fancy, in the smooth green turf
He cut the figures of the marshal'd hosts;
Describ'd the motions, and explain'd the use
Of the deep column, and the lengthen'd line,
The square, the crescent, and the phalanx firm.
For all that Saracen or Christian knew
Of war's vast art, was to this hermit known.

Lord Rand. Why did this soldier in a desert hide
Those qualities that should have grac'd a camp?

Norr. That too at last I learn'd. Unhappy man!
Returning homewards by Messina's port,
Loaded with wealth and honors bravely won,
A rude and boist'rous captain of the sea
Fasten'd a quarrel on him. Fierce they fought
The stranger fell, and with his dying breath
Declar'd his name and lineage! Mighty Power!
The soldier cried, my brother! Oh! my brother!

Lady Rand. His brother!

Norr. Yes; of the same parents born;
His only brother. They exchang'd forgiveness;
And happy, in my mind, was he that died:
For many deaths has the survivor suffer'd.
In the wild desert on a rock he sits,
Or on some nameless stream's untrodden banks,
And ruminates all day his dreadful fate.
At times, alas! not in his perfect mind!
Holds dialogues with his lov'd brother's ghost;
And oft each night forsakes his sullen couch,
To make sad orisons for him he slew.

Lady Rand. To what mysterious woes are mortals torn!
In this dire tragedy were there no more
Unhappy persons? did the parents live?

Norr. No; they were dead: kind heav'n had clos'd
their eyes
Before their son had shed his brother's blood.

Lord Rand. Hard is his fate; for he was not to blame!
There is a destiny in this strange world,
Which oft decrees an undeserved doom:
Let schoolmen tell us why.—From whence these sounds?
[Trumpets at a distance.

Enter an OFFICER.

Offi. My Lord, the trumpets of the troops of Lorn:
The valiant leader hails the noble Randolph.

Lord Rand. Mine ancient guest! does he the warriors
lead?

Has Denmark rous'd the brave old Knight to arms?

Offi. No; worn with warfare, he resigns the sword.

His eldest hope, the valiant John of Lorn,
How leads his kindred bands.

Lord Rand. Glenalvon, go.

With hospitality's most strong request

Intreat the chief.

[*Exit* GLENALVON.]

Offi. My Lord, requests are vain.

He urges on, impatient of delay,

Stung with the tidings of the foe's approach. [*Exit.*

Lord Rand. May victory sit on the warrior's plume!

Bravest of men! his flocks and herds are safe;

Remote from war's alarms his pastures lie,

By mountains inaccessible secur'd:

Yet foremost he into the plain descends,

Eager to bleed in battles not his own.

Such were the heroes of the ancient world:

Contemners they of indolence and gain;

But still for love of glory, and of arms,

Prone to encounter peril, and to lift

Against each strong antagonist the spear

I'll go and press the hero to my breast.

[*Exit.*

Lady Rand. The soldier's loftiness, the pride and pomp

Investing awful war, Norval, I see,

Transport thy youthful mind.

Norv. Ah! should they not?

Blest be the hour I left my father's house!

I might have been a shepherd all my days,

And stole obscurely to a peasant's grave.

Now, if I live, with mighty chiefs I stand;

And, if I fall, with noble dust I lie.

Lady Rand. There is a gen'rous spirit in thy breast

That could have well sustain'd a prouder fortune.

"This way with me, under yon spreading beech,"

Since lucky chance has left us here alone,

Unseen, unheard, by human eye or ear,

I will amaze thee with a wond'rous tale.

Norv. Let there be danger, Lady, with the secret,

That I may hug it to my grateful heart,

And prove my faith. Command my sword, my life:

These are the sole possessions of poor Norval.

Lady Rand. Know'st thou these gems?

Norv. Durst I believe mine eyes,

I'd say I knew them and they were my father's.

Lady Rand. Thy father's, say'st thou! ah! they were thy father's!

Norv. I saw them once, and curiously inquir'd
Of both my parents, whence such splendor came?
But I was check'd, and more could never learn.

Lady Rand. Then learn of me, thou art not Norval's son

Norv. Not Norval's son!

Lady Rand. Nor of a shepherd sprung.

Norv. Lady, who am I then?

Lady Rand. Noble thou art;
For noble was thy Sire!

Norv. I will believe——

O! tell me farther! Say, who was my father?

Lady Rand. Douglas!

Norv. Lord Douglas, whom to-day I saw?

Lady Rand. His younger brother.

Norv. And in yonder camp?

Lady Rand. Alas!

Norv. You make me tremble——Sighs and tears!
Lives my brave father?

Lady Rand. Ah! too brave indeed!
He fell in battle ere thyself was born.

Norv. Ah me unhappy! ere I saw the light?
But does my mother live? I may conclude,
From my own fate, her portion has been sorrow.

Lady Rand. She lives; but wastes her life in constant
woe,
Weeping her husband slain, her infant lost.

Norv. You that are skill'd so well in the sad story
Of my unhappy parents, and with tears,
Bewail their destiny, now have compassion
Upon the offspring of the friends you lov'd!
O! tell me who, and where my mother is!
Oppress'd by a base world, perhaps she bends
Beneath the weight of other ills than grief;
And, desolate, implores of heav'n the aid
Her son should give. It is, it must be so—
Your countenance confesses that she's wretched.
O! tell me her condition! Can the sword—
Who shall resist me in a parent's cause?

Lady Rand. Thy virtue ends her woe! My son! my
son!

Norv. Art thou my mother?

Lady Rand. I am thy mother, and the wife of Douglas!
[Falls upon his neck.]

Norv. O heav'n and earth, how wondrous is my fate!
Art thou my mother! Ever let me kneel!

Lady Rand. Image of Douglas! Fruit of fatal love!
All that I owe thy Sire, I pay to thee.

Norv. Respect and admiration still possess me,
Checking the love and fondness of a son.
Yet I was filial to my humble parents.
But did my Sire surpass the rest of men,
As thou excellest all of womankind?

Lady Rand. Arise, my son! In me thou dost behold
The poor remains of beauty once admir'd:
The autumn of my days is come already;
For sorrow made my summer haste away.
Yet in my prime I equal'd not thy father:
His eyes were like the eagle's, yet sometimes
Liker the dove's; and, as he pleas'd, he won
All hearts with softness, or with spirit aw'd.

Norv. How did he fall? Sure 'twas a bloody field
When Douglas died. O I have much to ask!

Lady Rand. Hereafter thou shalt hear the lengthen'd
tale
Of all thy father's and thy mother's woes.
At present this: thou art the rightful heir
Of yonder castle, and the wide domains
Which now Lord Randolph, as my husband holds.
But thou shalt not be wrong'd; I have the power
To right thee still: before the King I'll kneel,
And call Lord Douglas to protect his blood.

Norv. The blood of Douglas will protect itself.

Lady Rand. But we shall need both friends and favor
boy,
To wrest thy lands and lordship from the gripe
Of Randolph and his kinsman. Yet I think
My tale will move each gentle heart to pity,
My life incline the virtuous to believe.

Norv. To be the son of Douglas is to me
Inheritance enough. Declare my birth,
And in the field I'll seek for fame and fortune.

Lady Rand. Thou dost not know what perils and in-
justice

Await the poor man's valor. O! my son!
 The noblest blood of all the land's abash'd,
 Having no lacquey but pale poverty.
 Too long hast thou been thus attended, Douglas!
 Too long hast thou been deem'd a peasant's child.
 The wanton heir of some inglorious chief
 Perhaps has scorn'd thee, in the youthful sports;
 Whilst thy indignant spirit swell'd in vain!
 Such contumely thou no more shalt bear:
 But how I purpose to redress thy wrongs
 Must be hereafter told. Prudence directs
 That we should part before yon chiefs return.
 Retire, and from thy rustic follower's hand
 Receive a billet, which thy mother's care,
 Anxious to see thee, dictated before
 This casual opportunity arose
 Of private conference. Its purport mark;
 For, as I there appoint, we meet again.
 Leave me, my son! and frame thy manners still
 To Norval's, not to noble Douglas' state.

Norv. I will remember. Where is Norval now?
 That good old man.

Lady Rand. At hand conceal'd he lies,
 An useful witness. But beware, my son,
 Of yon Glenalvon; in his guilty breast
 Resides a villain's shrewdness, ever prone
 To false conjecture. He hath griev'd my heart.

Norv. Has he indeed? Then let yon false Glenalvon
 Beware of me.

[*Exit.*

Lady Rand. There burst the smother'd flame!
 O! thou all righteous and eternal King!
 Who father of the fatherless art call'd,
 Protect my son!—Thy inspiration, Lord!
 Hath fill'd his bosom with that sacred fire,
 Which in the breasts of his forefathers burn'd:
 Set him on high like them, that he may shine
 The star and glory of his native land!
 Then let the minister of death descend,
 And bear my willing spirit to its place.
 Yonder they come. How do bad women find
 Unchanging aspects to conceal their guilt?
 When I, by reason, and by justice urg'd,

Full hardly can dissemble with these men
In nature's pious cause

Enter LORD RANDOLPH and GLENALVON.

Lord Rand. Yon gallant chief,
Of arms enamor'd, all repose disclaims.

Lady Rand. Be not, my Lord, by his example sway'd :
Arrange the business of to-morrow now,
And, when you enter, speak of war no more. [Exit.

Lord Rand. 'Tis so, by heav'n ! her mien, her voice, her
eye,

And her impatience to be gone, confirm it.

Glen. He parted from her now : behind the mount,
Amongst the trees, I saw him glide along.

Lord Rand. For sad, sequestered virtue she's renown'd !

Glen. Most true, my Lord.

Lord Rand. Yet this distinguish'd Dame
Invites a youth, the acquaintance of a day,
Alone to meet her at the midnight hour.
This assignation [*shews' a letter*] the assassin freed,
Her manifest affection for the youth,
Might breed suspicion in a husband's brain,
Whose gentle consort all for love had wedded ;
Much more in mine. Matilda never lov'd me.
Let no man, after me, a woman wed,
Whose heart he knows he has not ; tho' she brings
A mine of gold, a kingdom for her dowry,
For let her seem, like the night's shadowy queen,
Cold and contemplative ;——he cannot trust her :
She may, she will, bring shame and sorrow on him ;
The worst of sorrows, and the worst of shames !

Glen. Yield not, my Lord, to such afflicting thoughts
But let the spirit of an husband sleep,
'Till your own senses make a sure conclusion.
'This billet must to blooming Norval go :
At the next turn awaits my trusty spy ;
I'll give it him refitted for his master.
In the close thicket take your secret stand ;
The moon shines bright, and your own eyes may judge
Of their behavior.

Lord Rand. Thou dost counsel well.

Glen. Permit me now to make one slight essay
Of all the trophies which vain mortals boast,
By wit, by valor, or by wisdom won,
The first and fairest in a young man's eye,
Is woman's captive heart. Successful love
With glorious fumes intoxicates the mind!
And the proud conqueror in triumph moves
Air-born, exalted above vulgar men.

Lord Rand. And what avails this maxim?

Glen. Much, my Lord!

Withdraw a little: I'll accost young Norval,
And with ironical derisive counsel
Explore his spirit. If he is no more
Than humble Norval, by thy favor rais'd,
Brave as he is, he'll shrink astonish'd from me
But if he be the fav'rite of the fair,
Lov'd by the first of Caledonia's dames,
He'll turn upon me, as the lion turns
Upon the hunter's spear.

Lord Rand. 'Tis shrewdly thought.

Glen. When we grow loud, draw near. But let ~~us~~

Lord

His rising wrath restrain.

[*Exit RANDOLPH.*

—————'Tis strange, by heav'n!

That she should run full tilt her fond career,
To one so little known. She too that seem'd
Pure as the winter stream, when ice emboss'd
Whitens its course. Even I did think her chaste,
Whose charity exceeds not. Precious sex!
Whose deeds lascivious pass Glenalvon's thoughts!

] *NORVAL appears*

His port I love; he's in a proper mood
To chide the thunder, if at him it roar'd.
Has Norval seen the troops?

Norv. The setting sun,
With yellow radiance lighten'd all the vale,
And as the warriors mov'd, each polish'd helm,
Corslet, or spear, glanc'd back his gilded beams.
The hill they climb'd, and halting at its top,
Of more than mortal size, tow'ring, they seem'd,
A host angelic, clad in burning arms.

Glen. Thou talk'st it well · no leader of our host,

In sounds more lofty, speaks of glorious war.

Norv. If I shall e'er acquire a leader's name,
My speech will be less ardent. Novelty
Now prompts my tongue, and youthful admiration
Vents itself freely; since no part is mine
Of praise pertaining to the great in arms.

Glen. You wrong yourself, brave sir; your martial
deeds

Have rank'd you with the great: but mark me, Norval;
Lord Randolph's favor now exalts your youth
Above his veterans of famous service.

Let me, who know the soldiers, counsel you.
Give them all honor; seem not to command:
Else they will scarcely brook your late sprung power,
Which nor alliance props, nor birth adorns.

Norv. Sir, I have been accustom'd all my days
To hear and speak the plain and simple truth:
And tho' I have been told, that there are men
Who borrow friendship's tongue to speak their scorn,
Yet in such language I am little skill'd.
Therefore I thank Glenalvon for his counsel,
Altho' it sounded harshly. Why remind
Me of my birth obscure? Why slur my power
With such contemptuous terms?

Glen. I did not mean
To gall your pride, which now I see is great.

Norv. My pride?

Glen. Suppress it as you wish to prosper.
Your pride's excessive. Yet for Randolph's sake
I will not leave you to its rash direction.
If thus you swell, and frown at high-born men,
'Think you they will endure a Shepherd's scorn?

Norv. A shepherd's scorn!

Glen. Yes, if you presume
To bend on soldiers these disdainful eyes,
What will become of you?

Norv. If this were told——

[*Alar.*

Hast thou no fears for thy presumptuous self?

Glen. Ha! Dost thou threaten me?

Norv. Didst thou not hear?

Glen. Unwillingly I did; a nobler foe
Had not been question'd thus. But such as thee——

Norv. Whom dost thou think me ?

Glen. Norval.

Norv. So I am——

And who is Norval in Glenalvon's eyes ?

Glen. A peasant's son, a wand'ring beggar-boy ,
At best no more, even if he speaks the truth.

Norv. False as thou art, dost thou suspect my truth ?

Glen. Thy truth ! thou'rt all a lie ; and false as hell
Is the vain-glorious tale thou told'st to Randolph.

Norv. If I were chain'd, unarm'd, and bedrid old,
Perhaps I should revile : But as I am
I have no tongue to rail. The humble Norval
Is of a race who strive not but with deeds.

Did I not fear to freeze thy shallow valor,
And make thee sink too soon beneath my sword,
I'd tell thee—what thou art. I know thee well.

Glen. Dost thou not know Glenalvon, born to command
Ten thousand slaves like thee ?

Norv. Villain, no more :
Draw and defend thy life. I did design
To have defy'd thee in another cause :
But heaven accelerates its vengeance on thee.
Now for my own and Lady Randolph's wrongs.

Enter LORD RANDOLPH.

Lord Rand. Hold, I command you both. The man that
stirs
Makes me his foe.

Norv. Another voice than thine
That threat had vainly sounded, noble Randolph.

Glen. Hear him, my Lord ; he's wondrous condescending !

Mark the humility of shepherd Norval !

Norv. Now you may scoff in safety. [*Sheaths his sword.*]

Lord Rand. Speak not thus,
Taunting each other ; but unfold to me
The cause of quarrel, then I judge betwixt you.

Norv. Nay, my good Lord, tho' I revere you much,
My cause I plead not, nor demand your judgment.
I blush to speak ; I will not, cannot speak
Th' opprobrious words that I from him have borne.

To the liege-lord of my dear native land
 I owe a subject's homage ; but even him
 And his high arbitration I'd reject.
 Within my bosom reigns another lord ;
 Honor, sole judge and umpire of itself.
 If my free speech offend you, noble Randolph,
 Revoke your favors, and let Norval go
 Hence as he came, alone, but not dishonor'd.

Lord Rand. Thus far I'll mediate with impartial voice :
 The ancient foe of Caledonia's land
 Now waves his banners o'er her frightened fields.
 Suspend your purpose, till your country's arms
 Repel the bold invader ; then decide
 The private quarrel.

Glen. I agree to this.

Norv. And I.

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. The banquet waits.

Lord Rand. We come. [*Exit RANDOLPH and SERVANT*

Glen. Norval,

Let not our variance mar the social hour,
 Nor wrong the hospitality of Randolph.
 Nor frowning anger, nor yet wrinkled hate,
 Shall stain my countenance. Smooth thou thy brow ;
 Nor let our strife disturb the gentle Dame.

Norv. Think not so lightly, Sir, of my resentment ;
 When we contend again our strife is mortal. [*Exeunt.*

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

The Wood.

Enter DOUGLAS.

Doug. This is the place, the centre of the grove
 Here stands the oak, the monarch of the wood.
 How sweet and solemn is this mid-night scene !

The silver moon, unclouded, holds her way
 Thro' skies where I could count each little star.
 The fanning west wind scarcely stirs the leaves;
 The river, rushing o'er its pebbled bed,
 Imposes silence with a stilly sound.
 In such a place as this, at such an hour,
 If ancestry can be in aught believ'd,
 Descending spirits have convers'd with man,
 And told the secrets of the world unknown.

Enter Old NORVAL.

Norv. 'Tis he. But what if he should chide me hence
 His just reproach I fear. [*DOUGLAS turns and sees him*
 Forgive, forgive,

Canst thou forgive the man, the selfish man,
 Who bred Sir Malcolm's heir a shepherd's son?

Doug. Kneel not to me: thou art my father still:
 Thy wish'd-for presence now completes my joy.
 Welcome to me, my fortunes thou shalt share,
 And ever honor'd with thy Douglas live.

Norv. And dost thou call me father? O my son!
 I think that I could die to make amends
 For the great wrong I did thee. 'Twas my crime
 Which in the wilderness so long conceal'd
 The blossom of thy youth.

Doug. Not worse the fruit,
 That in the wilderness the blossom blow'd.
 Amongst the shepherds, in the humble cot,
 I learn'd some lessons, which I'll not forget
 When I inhabit yonder lofty towers.
 I, who was once a swain, will ever prove
 The poor man's friend; and, when my vassals bow,
 Norval shall smooth the crested pride of Douglas.

Norv. Let me but live to see thine exaltation!
 Yet grievous are my fears. O leave this place,
 And those unfriendly towers.

Doug. Why should I leave them?

Norv. Lord Randolph and his kinsmen seek your life.

Doug. How know'st thou that?

Norv. I will inform you how.

When evening came, I left the secret place

Appointed for me by your mother's care,
 And fondly trod in each accustom'd path
 That to the castle leads. Whilst thus I rang'd,
 I was alarm'd with unexpected sounds
 Of earnest voices. On the persons came;
 Unseen I lurk'd, and overheard them name
 Each other as they talk'd, Lord Randolph this,
 And that Glenalvon: still of you they spoke,
 And of the Lady: threat'ning was their speech,
 Tho' but imperfectly my ear could hear it.
 'Twas strange, they said, a wonderful discov'ry;
 And ever and anon they vow'd revenge.

Doug. Revenge! for what?

Norr. For being what you are;
 Sir Malcolm's heir: how else have you offended?
 When they were gone, I hy'd me to my cottage,
 And there sat musing how I best might find
 Means to inform you of their wicked purpose.
 But I could think of none: at last, perplex'd,
 I issu'd forth, encompassing the tower
 With many a weary step, and wishful look.
 Now Providence hath brought you to my sight,
 Let not your too courageous spirit scorn
 The caution which I give.

Doug. I scorn it not.

My mother warn'd me of Glenalvon's baseness:
 But I will not suspect the noble Randolph.
 In our encounter with the vile assassins,
 I mark'd his brave demeanor: him I'll trust.

Norr. I fear you will too far.

Doug. Here in this place
 I wait my mother's coming: she shall know
 What thou hast told: her counsel I will follow:
 And cautious ever are a mother's counsels.
 You must depart; your presence may prevent
 Our interview.

Norr. My blessing rest upon thee!
 O may heav'n's hand, which sav'd thee from the wave,
 And from the sword of foes, be near thee still;
 Turning mischance, it aught hangs o'er thy head,
 All upon mine!

Exit.

Doug. He loves me like a parent;

And must not, shall not lose the son he loves,
 Altho' his son has found a nobler father.
 Eventful day ! how hast thou chang'd my state !
 Once on the cold, and winter-shaded side
 Of a bleak hill, mischance had rooted me,
 Never to thrive, child of another soil :
 Transplanted now to the gay sunny vale,
 Like the green thorn of May my fortune flowers.
 Ye glorious stars ! high heav'n's resplendent host !
 To whom I oft have of my lot complain'd,
 Hear and record my soul's unalter'd wish !
 Dead or alive, let me but be renown'd !
 May heav'n inspire some fierce gigantic Dane,
 To give a bold defiance to our host !
 Before he speaks it out I will accept ;
 Like Douglas conquer, or like Douglas die

Enter LADY RANDOLPH.

Lady Rand My son ! I heard a voice——

Doug. The voice was mine.

Lady Rand. Didst thou complain aloud to nature's ear,
 That thus in dusky shades, at midnight hours,
 By stealth the mother and the son should meet ?

[*Embracing him.*]

Doug. No ; on this happy day, this better birth-day,
 My thoughts and words are all of hope and joy.

Lady Rand. Sad fear and melancholy still divide
 The empire of my breast with hope and joy.
 Now hear what I advise.

Doug. First, let me tell
 What may the tenor of your counsel change.

Lady Rand. My heart forebodes some evil !

Doug. 'Tis not good.——

At eve, unseen by Randolph and Glenalvon,
 The good old Norval in the grove o'erheard
 Their conversation : oft they mention'd me
 With dreadful threat'nings ; you they sometimes nam'd.
 'Twas strange, they said, a wonderful discovery ;
 And ever and anon they vow'd revenge.

Lady Rand. Defend us, gracious God : we are betray'd :
 They have found out the secret of thy birth,

It must be so. That is the great discovery
 Sir Malcolm's heir is come to claim his own;
 And he will be reveng'd. Perhaps even now,
 Arm'd and prepar'd for murder, they but wait
 A darker and more silent hour, to break
 Into the chamber where they think thou sleep'st.
 This moment, this, heav'n hath ordain'd to save thee!
 Fly to the camp, my son!

Doug. And leave your here?

No: to the castle let us go together,
 Call up the ancient servants of your house,
 Who in their youth did eat your father's bread.
 Then tell them loudly that I am your son.
 If in the breasts of men one spark remains
 Of sacred love, fidelity, or pity,
 Some in your cause will arm. I ask but few
 To drive those spoilers from my father's house.

Lady Rand. O Nature, Nature! what can check thy
 force?

Thou genuine offspring of the daring Douglas!
 But rush not on destruction: save thyself,
 And I am safe. To me they mean no harm.
 Thy stay but risks thy precious life in vain.
 That winding path conducts thee to the river.
 Cross where thou seest a broad and beaten way,
 Which running eastward leads thee to the camp.
 Instant demand admittance to Lord Douglas.
 Shew him these jewels, which his brother wore.
 Thy look, thy voice, will make him feel the truth,
 Which I by certain proof will soon confirm.

Doug. I yield me and obey: but yet my heart
 Bleeds at this parting. Something bids me stay
 And guard a mother's life. Oft have I read
 Of wondrous deeds by one bold arm achiev'd.
 Our foes are two: no more: let me go forth,
 And see if any shield can guard Glenalvon.

Lady Rand. If thou regard'st thy mother, or rever'st
 Thy father's mem'ry, think of this no more.
 One thing I have to say before we part;
 Long wert thou lost; and thou art found, my child,
 In a most fearful season. War and battle
 I have a great cause to dread. Too well I see

Which way the current of thy temper sets :
 To-day I've found thee. Oh ! my long lost hope !
 If thou to giddy valor giv'st the rein,
 To-morrow I may lose my son for ever.
 The love of thee, before thou saw'st the light,
 Sustain'd my life when thy brave father fell.
 If thou shalt fall, I have nor love nor hope
 In this waste world ! my son, remember me !

Doug. What shall I say ? how can I give you comfort ?
 The god of battles of my life dispose
 As may be best for you ! for whose dear sake
 I will not bear myself as I resolv'd.
 But yet consider, as no vulgar name
 That which I boast sounds amongst martial men,
 How will inglorious caution suit my claim ?
 The post of fate unshrinking I maintain.
 My country's foes must witness who I am.
 On the invaders' heads I'll prove my birth,
 'Till friends and foes confess the genuine strain.
 If in this strife I fall, blame not your son,
 Who, if he lives not honor'd, must not live.

Lady Rand. I will not utter what my bosom feels.
 Too well I love that valor which I warn.
 Farewell, my son ! my counsels are but vain.

[*Embracing.*

And, as high heav'n hath will'd it, all must be

[*Separate.*

Gaze not on me, thou wilt mistake the path :
 I'll point it out again.

[*Just as they are separating, enter from the wood LORD RANDOLPH and GLENALVON.*

Lord Rand. Not in her presence.
 Now——

Glen. I'm prepar'd.

Lord Rand. No : I command thee stay.
 I go alone : it never shall be said
 That I took odds to combat mortal man.
 The noblest vengeance is the most complete.

[*Exit LORD RANDOLPH.*

[*GLENALVON makes some steps to the same side of the stage, listens, and speaks.*

Glen. Demons of death, come settle on my sword,
And to a double slaughter guide it home !
'The lover and the husband both must die.

[*LORD RANDOLPH behind the scenes.*

Lord Rand. Draw, villain ! draw.

Doug. Assail me not, Randolph ;
Not as thou lov'st thyself. [*Clashing of swords.*
GLENALVON running out.

Now is the time.

*Enter LADY RANDOLPH at the opposite side of the stage,
faint and breathless*

Lady Rand. Lord Randolph, hear me ; all shall be thine
own :
But spare ! Oh, spare my son !

Enter DOUGLAS, with a sword in each hand.

Doug. My mother's voice !
I can protect thee still.

Lady Rand. He lives, he lives :
For this, for this to heav'n eternal praise !
But sure I saw thee fall.

Doug. It was Glenalvon.
Just as my arm had master'd Randolph's sword,
'The villain came behind me ; but I slew him.

Lady Rand. Behind thee ! Ah, thou'rt wounded ! O
my child,

How pale thou look'st ! and shall I lose thee now ?

Doug. Do not despair : I feel a little faintness ;
I hope it will not last. [*Leans upon his sword.*

Lady Rand. There is no hope !
And we must part ! the hand of death is on thee !
O my beloved child ! O Douglas, Douglas !

Doug. Too soon we part ; I have not long been Douglas.
O destiny ! hardly thou dealest with me :
Clouded and hid, a stranger to myself,
In low and poor obscurity I liv'd.

Lady Rand. Has heav'n preserv'd thee for an end like
this ?

Doug. O had I fall'n as my brave fathers fell

Turning with great effort the tide of battle!
 Like them I should have smil'd and welcom'd death.
 But thus to perish by a villain's hand!
 Cut off from nature's and from glory's course
 Which never mortal was so fond to run.

Lady Rand. Hear, Justice! hear! stretch thy avenging
 arm. *[Douglas falls.]*

Doug. Unknown I die; no tongue shall speak of me.
 Some noble spirits, judging by themselves,
 May yet conjecture what I might have proved,
 And think life only wanting to my fame:
 But who shall comfort thee?

Lady Rand. Despair! despair!

Doug. O had it pleas'd high heav'n to let me live
 A little while!—My eyes that gaze on thee
 Grow dim apace! my mother——Oh, my mother! *[Dies.]**

Enter LORD RANDOLPH and ANNA.

Lord Rand. Thy words, the words of truth, have pierc'd
 my heart

I am the stain of knighthood and of arms.
 Oh! if my brave deliverer survives
 The traitor's sword——

Anna. Alas! look there, my Lord.

Lord Rand. The mother and her son! How curst I am!
 Was I the cause? No: I was not the cause.
 Yon matchless villain did seduce my soul
 To frantic jealousy.

Anna. My Lady lives:
 The agony of grief hath but suppress'd
 Awhile her powers.

Lord Rand. But my deliverer's dead!
 "The world did once esteêm Lord Randolph well.
 "Sincere of heart, for spotless honor fam'd:
 "And, in my early days, g'ory I gain'd
 "Beneath the holy banner of the cross.
 "Now past the noon of life, shame comes upon me.
 "Reproach, and infamy, and public hate,

NOTE. *—The tragedy as now acted generally ends with the death of young Norval,—Lady Randolph fainting on the body of her son as the curtain descends—but the whole play is published.

"Are near at hand: for all mankind will think
 "That Randolph basely stabb'd Sir Malcolm's heir."

[LADY RANDOLPH *recovering*.

Lady Rand. Where am I now? still in this wretched world?

Grief cannot break a heart so hard as mine.

"My youth was worn in anguish: but youth's strength

'With hope's assistance, bore the brunt of sorrow;

'And train'd me on to be the object now,

"On which Omnipotence displays itself,

"Making a spectacle, a tale of me,

"To awe its vassal, man."

Lord Rand. O misery!

Amidst thy raging grief I must proclaim

My innocence.

Lady Rand. Thy innocence!

Lord Rand. My guilt

Is innocence compar'd with what thou think'st it.

Lady Rand. Of thee I think not: what have I to do

With thee or anything? My son! my son!

My beautiful! my brave! how fond was I

Of thee, and of thy valor! My proud heart

O'erflow'd this day with transport, when I thought

Of growing old amidst a race of thine,

Who might make up to me their father's childhood,

And bear my brother's and my husband's name:

Now all my hopes are dead! A little while

Was I a wife! a mother not so long!

What am I now?—I know.——But I shall be

That only whilst I please; for such a son

And such a husband drive me to my fate.

[*Runs out.*

Lord Rand. Follow her, Anna: I myself would follow,

But in this rage she must abhor my presence.

[*Exit ANNA.*

Enter Old NORVAL.

Norv. I hear the voice of woe; heaven guard my child!

Lord Rand. Already is the idle gaping crowd,

The spiteful vulgar come to gaze on Randolph.

Begone.

Norv. I fear thee not. I will not go.

Here I'll remain. I'm an accomplice, Lord,
 With thee in murder. Yes, my sins did help
 To crush down to the ground this lovely plant
 O noblest youth that ever yet was born!
 Sweetest and best, gentlest and bravest spirit,
 That ever bless'd the world! Wretch that I am,
 Who saw that noble spirit swell and rise
 Above the narrow limits that confin'd it!
 Yet never was by all thy virtues won
 To do thee justice, and reveal the secret,
 Which, timely known, had rais'd thee far above
 The villian's snare! Oh! I am punish'd now!
 These are the hairs that should have strew'd the ground,
 And not the locks of Douglas.

[Tears his hair, and throws himself upon the
 body of DOUGLAS.

Lord Rand. I know thee now: "thy boldness I forgive!
 "My crest is fallen." For thee I will appoint
 A place of rest, if grief will let thee rest.
 I will reward, altho' I cannot punish.
 Curst, curst Glenalvon, he escap'd too well,
 Tho' slain and baffled by the hand he hated.
 Foaming with rage and fury to the last,
 Cursing his conqueror, the felon died.

Enter ANNA.

Anna. My Lord! my Lord!

Lord Rand. Speak: I can hear of horror.

Anna. Horror indeed!

Lord Rand. Matilda?

Anna. Is no more;

She ran, she flew like lightning up the hill,
 Nor halted till the precipice she gain'd,
 Beneath whose low'ring top the river falls
 Ingulph'd in rifted rocks: thither she came,
 As fearless as the eagle lights upon it,
 And headlong down.—

Lord Rand. 'Twas I! alas! 'twas I
 That fill'd her breast with fury; drove her down
 The precipice of death! Wretch that I am!

Anna. O had you seen her last despairing look!

Upon the brink she stood, and cast her eyes
Down on the deep : then lifting up her eyes
And her white hands to heaven, seeming to say,
Why am I forc'd to this ? she plung'd herself
Into the empty air.

Lord Rand. I will not vent,
In vain complaints, the passion of my soul.
Peace in this world I never can enjoy.
These wounds the gratitude of Randolph gave.
They speak aloud, and with the voice of fate
Denounce my doom. I am resolv'd. I'll go
Straight to the battle, where the man that makes
Me turn aside must threaten worse than death.
Thou, faithful to thy mistress, take this ring,
Full warrant of my power. Let every rite
With cost and pomp upon their funerals wait :
For Randolph hopes he never shall return.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]



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